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The church possesses historical interest since from its tower beacon fires were lighted to announce the coming of the Spanish Armada in 1572. Not on this account however, was the picture commissioned by Mr. Hearn, but because one of his ancestors was rector of the church and was buried here in 1649.

Elliot Daingerfield has long been recognized as a painter of poetic mind and exuberant fancy, who would make a place for himself. He has heretofore devoted himself to the work of figure composition, but in his "Slumbering Fog" we find him utilizing his gifts to cope with the transient effects of nature. With the sense of beauty, which is the gift of the artist and the reverent spirit which inspires him, Mr. Daingerfield's work carries conviction of truth.

D. W. Tryon's "Moonlight" is a solid and virile work which has the appearance of an improvisation, but is doubtless the result of persistent observation and constant effort at realization. In the early part of his career, Mr. Tryon devoted himself to the study of the varying lights of evening, the insensible nuances of sunset, the tender light of the rising moon, and a picture of this period, remaining in the collection of Mr. Hearn, is one of his masterly achievements, in its rendition of the subtle harmonies of the twilight hour. Out of all these studies came the ease and assurance shown in the present canvas, in which the moon, sailing through a sea of filmy clouds, lights the low ridge of habitations beneath. Mr. Tryon is essentially a poetic painter, and is at his best in suggesting the sentiment and charm of some tender mood of nature. He will ever delight those who enjoy a nice adjustment of values and an atmosphere of poetry.

In F. Ballard Williams, the last of the group, we have one of the recent acquisitions to the ranks of the poetic landscapists, and from his beautiful "Passaic River" it will be granted that he is an artist to be taken into our hearts and cherished. He is a magician of exquisite coloration and rare grace of vision. This picture of the "Passaic River" embodies his taste and power of transfusing ordinary things into a world of his own, where all nature sings in one eternal harmony. Under his brush and eye the Passaic with its sordid buildings is translated into an optimistic dream of beauty. A primrose light envelopes and

bathes the whole scene, rocks, hills, river and buildings, with its transparent, yet subtly colored fluid. The whole canvas is filled with an exquisite joyousness of light and music, transporting one to some ideal world of meditation and dreams.

There is no human sentiment that does not find a correspondence in nature, and all that we can ask of our painters is that they look below the surface of things and translate for us the undercurrents forever singing in the souls of men. In fact, a picture must have its ideal signification to permanently hold attention. From this survey of the group of pictures which Mr. Hearn has given to the Museum, it will be seen that it is the poetic side of art that has made the strongest appeal to him. In making his selections, he has revealed himself to those who see something more in pictures than the stories they tell.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

IDEALS OF A PICTURE GALLERY

WHAT does the "man in the street" expect when he leaves the street to enter a picture gallery? It may be anything; temporary shelter and warmth, trifling amusement, the satisfaction of an idle curiosity, an opportunity for the exercise of the historical imagination or the food of a deep and intense imaginative life. Which of all these desires should a great public institution like the Metropolitan Museum endeavor to gratify in its public, and how should it set about doing it? The private collector can set before himself a certain aim and within the limits of his purse he can realize it—the guardians of a public institution have no such complete freedom. None the less they may do well to formulate ideals even with the full knowledge that they will always remain ideals, only imperfectly translated into fact. Particularly is this the case with regard to the collection of paintings now in our Museum. These have been brought together by no fixed and determined law, they express the aim of no one intelligence nor even of what a museum may sometimes boast—a communal intelligence or tradition. Rather they are the result of generous and public spirited impulses springing up in the minds of very diversely gifted benefactors. As a result

the uninstructed visitor can scarcely hope to acquire definite notions about the historical sequence of artistic expression, nor can he hope to increase his susceptibility to the finest artistic impressions by a careful attention, fixed with all patience and humility, only upon the works of the great creative minds. And yet these are surely the two great educational ends which justify a city in spending the money of its citizens upon a public picture gallery. And as both are desirable ends, either may become the basis for museum arrangement.

Of late years Signor Corrado Ricci has shown what can be done upon the former basis. He has rearranged the Brera, so that all the works of a particular school and epoch of Italian painters find themselves together in a single gallery. We can trace as we walk from room to room, the growth of the Lombard school, from its beginnings as an offshoot from Paduan art through the sincere but provincial efforts of men like Buttinone and Zenale to a greater decorative effectiveness in Bramante and Bramantino, till with the advent of Leonardo da Vinci, new and unattainable ideals lead the Lombard artists to forsake their native speech. The arrangement is, in fact, rigidly historical, a joy to the connoisseur, but sometimes a trial to the artist. Truth shines there with a clear and naked light, but Beauty sometimes shyly retreats from the glare. The experiment carried out with Signor Ricci's enthusiasm and knowledge was assuredly worth making and the impress of a clear and masterly mind is at least exhilarating to the student.

If we turn now to an older museum like the Louvre or the Uffizi before Signor Ricci began to repeat his idea there, we find no such clear statement of purpose. We find in each a single room, the Salon Carré in the Louvre and the Tribuna at Florence, arranged not historically, but at least in intention, artistically, in each we find collected together what were supposed to be the masterpieces of various schools and various ages. Some of them are now the changes and revolutions of taste looked upon with cold indifference, but the majority of pictures in either room are indisputably among the greatest expressions of human imagination which Europe has produced. In the remainder of the galleries a rough historical arrangement is adopted, in the Louvre the Primitives

are in one group, the artist of the Cinquecento range along the gallery and we pass gradually to those of the seventeenth century without a rigid line of demarcation, and with occasional disregard of national distinctions.

In the National Gallery, the historical method is used as regards the rooms, there is a Tuscan, an Umbrian, a Venetian, a Dutch gallery; but the rule is not rigidly adhered to and within each gallery the arrangement is rather aesthetic or merely practical than strictly scientific.

What then, should be our aim here? Anything like a strict historical method is impossible since there is only one aspect of the art which is adequately represented and that is the sentimental and anecdotic side of nineteenth century painting. For the rest we can only present isolated points in the great sequence of European creative thought. We have as yet no Byzantine paintings, no Giotto, no Giottesque, no Mantegna, no Botticelli, no Leonardo, no Raphael, no Michelangelo. The student of the history of art must either travel in Europe or apply himself to reproductions. It must of course, be the aim of our Museum direction to get as many as possible of these works, not indeed with the expectation of representing all these great names, since that is barely within the limits of possibility, but with the intention of acquiring as many of the connecting links of the kind as may come into the market.

But in the meanwhile, whether we will or no, we are thrown back for our leading notion upon the æsthetic rather than the historical idea. We must, in fact, so arrange the galleries that it shall be apparent to each and all that some things are more worthy than others of prolonged and serious attention. It is only by some such emphasis upon what has high and serious merit, that we can hope in time to arouse an understanding of that most difficult but most fascinating language of human emotion, the language of art. It is a language which is universal, valid for all times and in all countries, but it is a language which must be learned though it is more natural to some than to others.

With this end in view, we need not fear to enlist other interests. The prevalent desire to follow an intellectual fashion

will assuredly come to our aid and it is not after all wholly bad. In the young and uneducated at least, this is as much the expression of a proper reverence for what the wisdom of past centuries has approved as a desire to impose by an insincere pretention. Moreover, it is often fruitful of better things and of those that admire from affectation at least a few may stay to feel and understand. At all events the aim we should set before ourselves is the establishment of standards of truth and beauty, and the encouragement of a keener discrimination and a firmer faith. A discrimination between the bad and the good, and a faith in the existence of something more universal in art than a merely casual and arbitrary predilection.

ROGER E. FRY.

NOTES ON SOME FRANKLIN BUSTS

THE numerous portraits of Franklin, including so many copies, re-hashes and downright fabrications, are now pretty well traced to a comparatively small number of "life portraits." These "types" form the basis of arrangement of the list of Franklin portraits by the undersigned, published in the January Bulletin of the New York Public Library. In this list there appears also the record of an original portrait hitherto unknown here. This was a bust in terra-cotta by J. J. Caffieri, exhibited at the Salon of 1777. J. Guiffrey, in his "Les Caffieri," gives an interesting account of this bust and of the acrimonious jealousy that sprang up between Caffieri and Houdon after the latter exhibited his bust of Franklin in 1779. One of the engraved portraits of Franklin in the New York Public Library is inscribed in ink, on the back: "A Mons. Renouard de la Part de son serv'r W. T. Franklin" (This to A. A. Renouard, of Paris), and on the front: "Fait d'après le buste par Caffieri." Now, this engraving is one of a number of similar prints, all in profile, all apparently from the same original, and one of them, engraved by Pollard, described as "from the original medallion." Furthermore, the Franklin collection at the Metropolitan Museum includes a number of medallions which show certain features common to these profile prints: a jabot widening at the top into the appear-

ance of a sort of small bow, four buttons on the coat, and wavy, full hair not quite reaching to the shoulders. There is also at the Museum a similar medal signed J. M. Renard, with three buttons, and with slightly thinner hair straggling onto the shoulders.

After the present writer had published these facts, he found that Mr. Charles Henry Hart, of Philadelphia, had located in the Institut de France a terra-cotta bust "fait par J. J. Caffieri en 1777," which was presented by Franklin to the Academy of Science in 1785. Photographs of this bust show that it agrees with the famous Cerrachi bust of Franklin in the matter of the loosely knotted neck-cloth, while the character of the face seems not quite the same. Mr. Hart however, states that he has found that Franklin and Ceracchi never came together, and that the busts attributed to Ceracchi are in reality after Caffieri, the marble ones—such as the one in the Pennsylvania Academy—being by John Dixon. He also believes that the profile engravings before referred to are after Caffieri. That would imply that the medallions from which they are apparently copied were also based on the Caffieri bust, despite the difference in costume, a theory which would seem to find support in the pen-and-ink note on the portrait presented by W. T. Franklin to A. A. Renouard. This new development is certainly an interesting one.

Several good copies of the Ceracchi bust, —which not a few consider a stronger and more characteristic likeness of Franklin than Houdon's—are known. One of them, at present temporarily in the Corcoran Art Gallery, was owned by the late Charles Abert, of Maryland, who stated that this bust of Italian marble was purchased from Ceracchi by Alexander James Dallas, father of Mrs. Sophia Bache, Mr. Abert's mother-in-law. On the other hand, however, Gen. Jonathan Williams, great-nephew of Franklin and with him in France, presented a Ceracchi Franklin to the American Philosophical Society as the work of Houdon, and a plaster copy of the bust was received by the same Society as by Flaxman after the original by Houdon. Yet Houdon's work is quite different from Ceracchi's in character and costume, showing a waistcoat buttoned up high and a plain band around the neck. Neverthe-